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THE  
LOUSIAD:

AN  
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

---

Prima Syracosio, dignata est ludere Versu  
Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia ;  
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthius Aurem  
Vellit et admonuit——

VIRGIL.

I, who so lately in my lyric Lays,  
Sung to the Praise and Glory of R—A—s ;  
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,  
With *Ovid's* Art, and *Sappho's* Warmth divine ;  
Said (nobly daring !) “ MUSE exalt thy Wings,  
“ LOVE, and the SONS OF CANVAS, quit for K—cs.”  
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,  
Cry'd, “ PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue.”  
But I, like *Poets*, *self-sufficient* grown,  
Reply'd “ APOLLO, prithee hold thy own.”

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A NEW EDITION,  
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXVI.

(PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.)

# To the READER

GENTLE READER,

It is necessary to inform you that the MS. actually discovered some time ago, and now in the hands of the late The Hon. the Earl of Sandwich, is the original of the MS. which can be better imagined than described. An edit was, in consequence of the discovery of the MS. and Scullions, and the author's name, published in 1747. Such is the foundation of the present edition, as well as the author's name, which will decide the question. The present edition is the work of the author, and is not a reprint of the first edition. It is the author's opinion that the present edition is the best of the kind, and is the work of the author, and is not a reprint of the first edition. The author of the book of 1747, and the author of the present edition, are the same person, and the author of the book of 1747, and the author of the present edition, are the same person.



which, for the sake of the English Reader, is thus beautifully translated.

The Author of the *Letter to the Reader* is the same person as the Author of the *Letter to the Reader*.

## To the READER.

GENTLE READER,

**I**T is necessary to inform thee, that his M——y actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of *such a guest*, can be better *imagined* than *described*.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the Cooks and Scullions, and the unfortunate Louse condemned to DIE.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as *critical* Reader will decide.

The *ingenious* AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know *some-what* of the matter, hath been heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Dispensary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be *compared* to it,—and to exclaim at the same time, with all the *modest assurance* of an AUTHOR——

Cedite Scriptores Romani, cedite Graeci—  
Nil ortum in terris, *Lousiadâ*, melius.

which, for the sake of the *mere* English Reader, is thus beautifully translated.—

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,  
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you ALL.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author takes this opportunity of expressing his acknowledgements to Mr. WIGSTEAD for the very humorous exertion of his well-known abilities, in furnishing the Plate which accompanies this Edition.







— is this, **YOUR LOUSE**. *Lousiad Canto 1.<sup>st</sup>*

---

THE  
LOUSE I A D.

---

CANTO I.

THE LOUSE, I sing, that from some head unknown,  
Yet born and educated near a throne,  
Dropp'd down,—(so will'd the dread decrees of Fate,)  
With legs wide sprawling on the M——ch's plate :  
Far from the raptures of a WIFE's embrace :  
Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,  
Whose little legs, he taught with ~~anxious~~ care, *to head*  
*amidst* ~~the~~ wide dominions of the ~~Heir~~ <sup>head</sup> ;  
Led them to daily food, with fond delight,  
And taught the tiny trav'lers *where* to bite ;

B

To



To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,  
 When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails :  
 Far from those pleasing scenes, ordain'd to roam,  
 Like wife Ulysses from his native home ;  
 Yet like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—  
 Like *him*, alas ! not fated to *return* ;  
 Who full of rags and glory, saw his Boy \*  
 And † WIFE again, and Dog ‡ that dy'd for joy.  
 Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE with fear appall'd,  
 And wept his wife and children, as he sprawl'd.  
 Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,  
 The POET's eye with sorrow, saw a Cow  
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,  
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep ;  
 No more to reign a Queen amongst the cattle,  
 And urge her rival beaux, the bulls to battle ;

\* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose history, see the Odysses.

\* She fell, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,  
 With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.  
 Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,  
 The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, arose:  
 He wanted not a *motive* to *intreat* him,  
*Befide* the horror, that the K\*\*\* might eat him—  
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,  
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork;  
 Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,  
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.  
 Vain hope! of stealing unperceiv'd away!  
 He might as well have tarried where he lay.  
 Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood,  
 Our hungry K\*\*\* amus'd himself with food;  
 Which proves (tho' scarce believ'd by one in ten)  
 That Kings have appetites like common men;

\* ——— moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

VIRG.

And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,  
 They feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.  
 Paint, heav'nly Muse, the look, the *very* look,  
 That of the S——n's face, possession took,  
 When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,  
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!  
 Yet, could a LOUSE, a British King surprize,  
 And, like a pair of faucers, stretch his eyes?  
 The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,  
 Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?  
 Good Lord! (as Somebody sublimely sings,)  
 What great effects arise from *little things*!  
 As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,  
 Who, following Nature's law, have *lov'd too well*!

Not with more *horror* did his eyes behold,  
 Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,

When



When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,  
 And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains :  
 Not with more horror did his eye-balls work  
 Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,  
 When guilty of economy, the crime !  
 Edmund wide wander'd from the true sublime,  
 And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,  
 Cribb'd from the R-y-l table many a dish—  
 Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,  
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut ;  
 And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)  
 The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale ;  
 Convinc'd that (in his scheme of state-salvation)  
 To *starve*\* the PALACE, was to *save* the NATION :

\* His M——y was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma :  
 The apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the children, ex-  
 pended, the K—g ordered a supply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN  
 CLOTH would *positively allow no more*. Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* dis-  
 appointment, he furiously put his hand in his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a  
 PAGE for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the *change*.

Not more *aghast* he look'd, when 'midst the course,  
 He tumbled in a stag-chace from his horse,  
 Where all his Nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,  
 But luckily he pitch'd upon his HEAD !

Not VENISON EATERS at the vanish'd FAT,  
 With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat ;  
 Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant  
 Looks down upon an empty-handed client ;  
 Not with more *horror* stares the rural MAID,  
 By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,  
 Who sees her ticket a *dire blank* arise,  
 Too fondly thought the twenty thousand prize,  
 With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,  
 To bless her faithful fav'rite COLIN CLOUT :

Not with more *horror* stares each lengthen'd feature  
 Of some fine fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,  
 When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag,  
 The Beau's white vestment feels the footy bag :

Not with more *horror* did the Devil look,  
 When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took,  
 (As gravely say our legendary songs)  
 And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs;  
 Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,  
 Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,  
 When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,  
 He held the peeping Captain in his arms;  
 Like David, that most amorous little dragon,  
 Ogling sweet Bethsheba without a rag on:

Not more the great\* *SAM HOUSE* with *horror* star'd,  
 By mob affronted to the very beard;  
 Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)  
 Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,  
 And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,  
 Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,

\* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to say *non-sense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.



That forcing down his patriotic throat,  
 Of Fox and Freedom stopp'd the glorious note,  
 Not with more *horror* BILLY RAMUS\* star'd,  
 When PUFF†, the P—ce's hair-dresser, appear'd  
 Amidst their eating room, with dread design,  
 To sit with PAGES, and with PAGES dine!  
 Not with more *horror*, GLOSTER'S DUTCHESS star'd,  
 When (blest in Metaphor!) the K\*\*\* declar'd,  
 That not of all her *mongrel breed*, *one whelp*  
 Should in the royal kennel, ever yelp:

\* Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by his M—y *Billy Ramus*.  
 One of the Pages who shaves the S——n, airs his shirt, reads to him, writes for  
 him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H—gh—els's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the  
 P—ce, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The  
 pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the K—  
 and P—ce, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-*  
*dresser*. The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages com-  
 manded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable  
 mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*, but, like the poor Gentoos  
 who have lost their *Cash*, have not held up their heads *since*.

Not

Not more, that man so *sweet*, so *unprepar'd*,  
 The *gentle* SQUIRE of \* LEATHERHEAD, was *scar'd*,  
 When after prayers so *good*, and *rare* a sermon,  
 He found his FRONT attack'd by Harriet Vernon ;  
 Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear !)  
 To pour her FOOT, in thunder on his REAR ;  
 Who, in † God's house, without one grain of grace,  
 Spit, like a VIXEN in his WORSHIP's face,  
 Then shook her nails, as sharp's a taylor's shears,  
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears.  
 Not Atkinson ‡ with stronger terror started  
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

\* Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory, is sufficiently known to the public.

D

When

When Justice, a sly dame, one day thought fit  
 To pay her serious compliments to KIT,  
 Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,  
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn*,  
 Then hinted that he probably would find,  
 That tho' she sometimes *wink'd*, she was not *blin'd*.

Not more Asturias' † Princess *look'd affright*,  
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the *unpolite*,  
 Hurl'd, *madly* heedless both of time and place,  
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face ;  
 Because the fair-one eat a butter'd roll,  
 On which the *selfish Prince* had fix'd his soul :  
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that Prince to find  
 His royal father to his face unkind ;  
 Who to the cause of injur'd beauty won,  
 Seiz'd on the proud Proboscis of his son,

† This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.



(Just like a TYGER of the Lybian shade,  
 Whose furiousclaw s the helpless deer invade,)

And led him, till *that* SON its durance freed,  
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed ;

Led him thrice round the room (the story goes)  
 Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,

Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are *stiff* stuff)  
 To ask *no* pardon, tho' the SNOUT came off :

Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* Spanish\* King,  
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing :

Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,  
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main ;

Nor Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale  
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale ;

\* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT ; and it is well known, that even on those days, when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Nor Doctor Wilfon, child of am'rous folly,

When young Mac Glyfter bore off Kit M'Auley.

What dire emotions shook the M——ch's soul!

Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,

Whilst anger all his royal HEART possest,

That swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast,

Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,

As resolutely bent on jumping out,

T'avenge with all its powers the dire disgrace,

And nobly spit in the offender's face.

Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,

(A very apt allusion to my mind)

Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,

Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot:

In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,

That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

“ O dearest partner of my throne !” (he cries,

Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)

" Thou brightest gem of G---ge's Royal House,

" Look there, and tell me if that's not a LOUSE !"

The Q—— look'd down, and then exclaim'd, " Good la !"

And with a smile the dappled STRANGER saw.

Each P---cess strain'd her lovely neck to see,

And with another smile exclaim'd, " Good me !"

" O la ! Good me ! is that all you can say ?"

(Our gracious M——ch cry'd with huge dismay.)

" Heav'ns ! can a silly vacant smile take place

" Upon your M——y's and Children's face,

" Whilst that vile Loufe (~~she~~<sup>she</sup> soon to be unjointed !)

" Affronts the presence of the LORD's ANOINTED ?"

Dash'd, as if tax'd with Hell's most deadly sins,

The Q—— and P——fles drew in their chins,

Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,

And very prudent, " *word spake never more.*"

Sweet MAIDS ! the beauteous boast of Britain's isle—

Speak—were those peerless LIPS forbid to smile ?



LIPS ! that the soul of simple Nature moves—  
 Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the Loves !  
 LIPS OF DELIGHT ! unstain'd by Satire's gall !  
 LIPS ! that I never *kiss'd*—and *never shall*.

Now, to each trembling Page as mute's a mouse,  
 The pious M——ch cry'd, “ is this *your* Loufe ? ”  
 “ Ah ! Sire,” (reply'd each Page with pig-like whine)  
 “ An't please your M——y, it is not *mine*.”  
 “ *Not thine ?* ” (the hasty Monarch cry'd agen)  
 “ What ? what ? what ? what ? what ? who the devil's *then* ? ”

Now at this sad event, the S——n fore,  
 Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more ;  
 His *wifer* Q——n, her gracious stomach studying,  
 Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding ;  
 For GERMANS are a very *bearty* SORT,  
 Whether begot in HOG-STYES or a COURT,  
 Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of *stone*)  
 The ills of *others* better than *their own*.

Grim TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,  
Of different sizes, and of different ages ;  
Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,  
They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's sons !

Now to a PAGE, but *which*, we can't determine,  
The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin :

“ Watch well that blackguard animal, (he cries)  
“ That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies* !  
“ Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,  
“ Or G——GE shall play the devil in the House.  
“ Some SPIRIT whispers, that to *Cooks* I owe

“ The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below ;

*Yes, Yes.*  
“ ~~By~~ *Heav'n* ! the *whisp'ring* SPIRIT tells me true,

“ And soon ~~die~~ *shall* vengeance ~~kill~~ all their locks pursue,

“ Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,

“ Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.”

Thus roar'd the K——g,—not Hercules so BIG ;

And all the Palace echo'd—“ WEAR A WIG !”

FEAR

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd Cooks—  
And dash'd the beef and ven'son from their looks;  
Whilst from each cheek, OLD PORT withdrew his RED,  
And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR\* comes! his eyes  
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roasts* and *fries*:  
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high passion glowing,  
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's, when *blowing*.  
A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,  
Tied by two comely strings about his waist:  
AN APRON! that he purchas'd with his riches,  
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches—  
AN APRON! that in Monmouth-street, high hung,  
Oft to the winds with *sweet deportment* swung.

“ Ye sons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look!”

(In founds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)

“ By this white APRON, that no more can hope

“ To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's shop;

\* *Dixon*



- “ That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,  
“ And from this forehead wip’d the briny sweat ;  
“ I fwear, *this* HEAD *disdains* to lose its locks,  
“ And *those* that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS.  
“ *Whose* head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures ?  
“ Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours* ?  
“ Ten thousand crawlers *in that* HEAD *be hatch’d*,  
“ For ever *itching*, but be never *scratch’d*.  
“ Oh ! may the charming perquisite of grease,  
“ The Mammon of your pocket, ne’er *increase*,—  
“ GREASE ! that so frequently hath brought you coin,  
“ From VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT SIR LOIN.  
“ O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks——  
“ Lo ! to *no* KING on earth I yield these locks :  
“ Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear’d !—  
“ But *few* or *many*, they shall not be *shear’d*.

F

“ Sooner

- “ Sooner shall Madam Schwellenberg \* the jade  
 “ Yield up her fav’rite perquisites of trade,  
 “ Give up her sacred Majesty’s old GOWNS,  
 “ CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without FROWNS :  
 “ SHE ! who for ever studies MISCHIEF---SHE,  
 “ Who soon will be as busy as a bee,  
 “ To get the liberty of locks *enslav’d*,  
 “ And every harmless Cook and Scullion *shav’d* :—  
 “ SHE, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,  
 “ By some insinuating tongue betray’d,  
 “ Induc’d the fair forbidden fruit to taste,  
 “ Grows, (luckless) somewhat *bigger in the* WAIST ;  
 “ Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,  
 “ Grac’d with the pretty names of B--ch and W—,  
 “ To range a prostitute upon the town,  
 “ Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown* :  
 “ But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,  
 “ Whose *Nose* grows *sharper*, and whose *Shape*, *tells tales* ;

\* Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty.

“ *Hush’d*

- “ *Hush’d* is th’ affair !---the Q——, and SHE, *good* Dame,  
 “ Both club their wits, to hide the growing shame,  
 “ To wed her, get some fool---I mean some *wise man* ;  
 “ Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Exciseman.  
 “ SHE ! who hath got more infolence and pride,  
 “ God mend her heart ! than half the world beside :  
 “ SHE ! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,  
 “ Heav’n help her stomach ! than ten men can eat !  
 “ *Ten men* ! ay *more* than *ten* the hungry HAG,  
 “ Why, zounds ! the WOMAN’s Stomach’s like a BAG.  
 “ SHE ! who will swell the uproar of the house,  
 “ And tell the K--g damn’d lies about the LOUSE,  
 “ When probably that Louse (a vile old trull!)  
 “ Was born and nourish’d in her own grey scull.  
 “ Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY \* *quit*,  
 “ Where oft she charms her master with her *wit*---

\* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the Palace, who *constantly* attends the K--g when he reads the dispatches.



- “ Tells tales of ev’ry *body*, ev’ry *thing*,  
 “ From honest courtiers to the thieves who *swing*---  
 “ Waits on her S——n while he reads *Dispatches*,  
 “ And wisely *winds* up STATE AFFAIRS or WATCHES :  
 “ Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav’n his income mend !)  
 “ Shall quit his bottle, mistress, and his friend---  
 “ Laugh at the drop on MISERY’s languid eye,  
 “ And hear her sinking voice, without a sigh !  
 “ Break for the wealth of REALMS, his sacred word,  
 “ And let the world write *Coward* on his sword ;  
 “ Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part !  
 “ And STUFFING leave a calf’s or bullock’s heart !  
 “ Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard !  
 “ And from the codlin tart be torn the custard !  
 “ Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,  
 “ And all our melted butter turn to oil !  
 “ Sooner our pious K--g, with pious face,  
 “ Sit down to dinner without saying grace,

- “ And ev’ry night, falvation pray’rs put forth,  
 “ For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North!  
 “ Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,  
 “ And dish-clouts stick eternal to our tails.  
 “ Let G---GE view MINISTERS with *furly* LOOKS,  
 “ *Abuse* ’em, *kick* ’em—but *revere* his COOKS !”  
 “ What, loofe our locks !” (reply’d the roasting CREW)  
 “ To Barbers yield ’em ?——Damme if we *do* !  
 “ Be *shav’d* like *foreign* DOGS, one daily meets,  
 “ Naked and blue, and shiv’ring in the streets ?  
 “ And from the Palace be *asbam’d* to range ;  
 “ For fear the world should think we had the *mange* ;  
 “ By taunting boys made weary of our lives,  
 “ Broad-grinning wh--es, and ridiculing wives !”  
 “ Rouze, OPPOSITION !” (roar’d a *tipsy* COOK  
 With hands a *kimbo*, and bubonic look)  
 “ ’Tis SHE alone, our noble curls can keep—  
 “ Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep :

" 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PIRTS,

" And sharpens, whetstone-like, the NATION'S Wits :

" Knocks off your knaves and fools however great,

" And broom-like sweeps the COBWEBS of the STATE :

*In Cask* — " Like fulphur ~~in a cask~~ <sup>that</sup>, expels *bad air*,

" And makes like thunder-claps, *foul weather fair*;

*Acts* " ~~Or~~, like a gun that fir'd at gather'd foot,

" Preserves the chimney and the house to boot :

" Or, like a school-boy's WHIP, that keeps up TOPS ;

" The sinking Realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.

" Our M——ch must not be indulg'd *too far*,

" Besides ! I love a little bit of war.

" Whither to crop our curls, he boasts a right

" Or not, I do not care the Loufe's bite——

" But then, *no Force-work ! no ! no Force*, by heav'n !

" **COOKS ! YEOMENS ! SCOURERS !** we will not be *driv'n*.

" Try but to force a PIG *against his will*,

" Behold ! the *sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still !*



“ Or, p<sup>r</sup>haps (his pow’r to let the driver know)

“ Gallops the *very* road, he should not go—

“ No Force, for *me*! the FRENCH, the fawning dogs,

“ E’en let *them* lose their *freedom*, and eat frogs---

“ Dammee! I hate each pale soupe-meagre thief--

“ Give *me*, my darling LIBERTY and BEEF.”

He spoke---and from his jaw, a lump he slid,

And swearing, manful flung to earth the QUID.

Yet swelling PRIDE forbad his tongue to rest,

Whilst wild emotions laboured in his breast--

Now sounds confus’d, his ANGER made him <sup>utter</sup>,

And when he thought on *shaving*, curses, sputter.

Such is the sound (the *simile*’s not weak)

Form’d by what mortals, \* BUBBLE, call, and SQUEAK,

\* The modest Author of the LOUSIAD, must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and Squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime, than Homer’s black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the *motions* and *emotions* of his Hero ULYSSES. (Vid. ODYSSEY.

When 'midst the FRYING-PAN, in accents savage,  
 The BEEF *so furly*, quarrels with the CABBAGE.  
 " Be shav'd" a SCULLION loud began to bellow,  
 Loud as a PARISH BULL, or poor OTHELLO,  
 Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO upon thorns,  
 With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS :  
 Loud as th' \* EXCISEMAN, struggling for his life,  
 And panting in a most inglorious strife ;  
 When, on his face, the *smuggling Princess* sprang,  
 And cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.  
 " Be shav'd like *pigs*" rejoin'd the Scullion's mate,  
 His dishclout shaking, and his POT-crown'd PATE—

\* This affair happened a few years since—An Exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a Princess, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almost scratch'd his eyes out—the Exciseman made a *formal* complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the *disgrace*.—The gallant Monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the duties to his Cousin the Princess, but could not conceive how the hand of a FAIR LADY could dishonour the face of an Exciseman.

" What

" What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,

" And, curse me ! dread the rage of these ten toes."

So saying, with an oath to *raise* one's hair,

He kick'd with threatening foot, the yielding air—

Thus have I seen an ASS (baptiz'd a JACK)

Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,

Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,

In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY :

" Be shav'd !" (an understrapper TURNBROCHE cried,

In all the foaming energy of pride)

" Zounds ! let *us* take his M——Y in hand !——

The K . . . shall find he lives at *our* command :

Yes ! let him know, with all his wond'rous state,

His teeth, and stomach on *our* wills, shall wait :

*We* rule the platters, *we* command the spit,

And G . . . . . shall have his *mess*, when *we* think fit ;

*Stay* 'till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,

And then, if *we* think *proper*, have his *meat*."

H

Thus



Thus, having fed on venison *rather coarse*;  
 A COLT, or CROCODILE, or DISH OF HORSE,  
 The TARTAR quits his smoaky hut with Scorn,  
 Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;  
 And treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine,  
 Informs them, they have *liberty to dine*.  
 "Heav'ns!" (cried a YEOMAN, with much learning grac'd—  
 In *Books* as well as *meat*, a man of *taste*,  
 Who read with *vast* applause, the daily NEWS,  
 And kept a *close* acquaintance with the MUSE;  
 Conundrum, Rebus, made—Acrostic, Riddle,  
 And sung his dying Sonnets to his Fiddle,  
 When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring THIEF,  
 His heart had spitted, like a piece of BEEF.  
 "Are these (he said) of KINGS, the whims, and jokes?  
 "Then KINGS can be as *mad* as *common-folks*:  
 "DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head, she makes,  
 "No more concern, about the *Inside*, takes,

- " Than of the *Inside* of a Bug's or Bat's,  
 " A Flea's, a Grafshopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!  
 " As careless as the ARTIST, *trunks*, designing,  
 " About the trifling circumstance of LINING;  
 " Whether, of Cumberland he use the Plays,  
 " Miss Burney's Novels, or Miss Seward's Lays;  
 " Or sacred Drama's of Miss Hannah More,  
 " Where all the NINE with little MOSES, snore;  
 " Or good SQUIRE PINDAR's odes, or Wharton's stick,  
 " Or Horace Walpole's doubts upon King Dick,  
 " Who furious drives at times, his old goose-quill,  
 " On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;  
 " Whether he doom, the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,  
 " Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King,  
 " Where ONE begs money, and the OTHERS grant  
 " So easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,

" As

" As if the *Cash* were really all *their own*;  
 " To purchase \* *Knick-knacks*, that disgrace a throne.  
 " Ah, me ! did people know what *trifling things*,  
 " Compose those idols of the Earth, call'd *K—*—  
 " Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,  
 " The Children's wonder—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;  
 " Who struts upon the stage his hour away,  
 " His *outside*, gold,—his *inside*, rags, and hay;  
 " No more, as God's Vicegerents would they shine,  
 " Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE  
 " Those LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have seen,  
 " Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen—  
 " Oft for an ill-drest egg, have heard them groan,  
 " And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone :

\* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from Toys—For an instance we will appeal to Mr. Cummings's non-descript of a Time-Piece at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds.—The same artist is also allowed 200l. per annum to keep the *Bayble* in repair.

“ At



- “ At salt or vinegar, with passion, fume,—  
 “ And kick dogs, chairs, and pages round the room\*.  
 “ Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,  
 “ Whene’er the rushing rain hath spoil’d a HUNT!  
 “ Their fanguine wishes cross’d, their spirits clogg’d,  
 “ Mere RIDING DISH-CLOUTS, homeward have they jogg’d;  
 “ Poor imps! the sport (with all their pride and pow’r)  
 “ Of NATURE’S diuretic stream—a SHOW’R!  
 “ *This*, we the ACTORS in the Farce, perceive;  
 “ But *this*, the distant world will ne’er believe—  
 “ Who fancy K—GS to all the Virtues, born:  
 “ Ne’er by the vulgar storms of PASSION, torn;  
 “ But blest with souls so calm! like Summer seas,  
 “ That smile to Heav’n, unruffled by a breeze:

\* This is partly a picture of the *last* reign as well as the PRESENT. The passions of George the Second, were of the most impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humours—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot-benevolence,—but he was a Prince of virtues—ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.

" Who think that K—gs on wisdom, always fed,  
 " Speak *sentences*, like BACON's brazen HEAD;  
 " Hear from their lips, the vilest nonsense fall,  
 " Yet think some HEAVENLY SPIRIT, dictates all;  
 " Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,  
 " And tho' all *ailment*, sacred from decay;  
 " To nods and smiles, their *gaping* homage bring,  
 " And thank their God, their eyes have seen a KING!  
 " Lord! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER,  
 " Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,  
 " To COUNTRY SQUIRES, and *wives* of COUNTRY SQUIRES;  
 " Like STUCK PIGS, staring, how each Oaf *admires*!  
 " Lo! ev'ry syllable becomes a GEM!  
 " And if by chance the M—h cough, or *hem*;  
 " Seiz'd with the symptoms of a deep surprize,  
 " Their joints with *rev'rence* tremble, and their eyes,  
 " Roll wonder first, then shrinking back with fear,  
 " Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any *there*.

" How

- " How taken, is this *idle* WORLD by *show* !
- " BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we bow ;
- " Preferring (~~and~~ with soul as black as foot)
- " A ROGUE on *baraback*, to a SAINT on *foot*.
- " See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
- " And mark the *Desart* of each DESPOT's brain ;
- " Whose tongues should never treat with taunts, a FOOL ;
- " Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.
- " What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a steeple,
- " Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE ?
- " Go, like the \* King of Babylon, to grafs,
- " Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS !
- " However *modern* KINGS may COOKS despise,
- " WARRIORS and KINGS were COOKS, or HIST'RY ~~lies~~—
- " PATROCLUS broil'd *beef-steaks* to quell his hunger :
- " The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER !—

\* Nebuchadnezzar.

" And !



" And Charles of Sweden, 'midst his guns and drums,  
 " Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.  
 " *Be shav'd!*—no!—sooner, pill'ries, jails, the stocks,  
 " Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS snatch my locks."  
 " Well hast thou said, a SCOWRER bold rejoin'd—  
 " Dammee! I love the man who speaks his mind."  
 Then in his arms the ORATOR he took,  
 And swore he was an ANGEL of a COOK.  
 Awhile he held him with a CORNISH hug;  
 Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a PEWTER MUG,  
 Whose ample womb, nor cyder held, nor ale,  
 But nectar, fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.  
 " A health to COOKS, (he cry'd, and wav'd the pot)  
 " And he who fights for TITLES, is a *foe*—  
 " Let DUKES and LORDS the world in wealth surpass—  
 " Yet many a LION's skin conceals an ASS.  
 " Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,  
 " To think the GREATEST MEN the GREATEST FOOLS:

" The GREAT are judges of an opera song—  
 " And fly a BRITON's, for a EUNUCH's tongue,  
 " Can starve their families <sup>to hear</sup> ~~for~~ BABINI's,  
 " Gaunt PACCHAROTTI's, fat-rump'd squab RAUZZINI's ;  
 " Thus idly squand'ring for a squawl their riches,—  
 " To faint with rapture, at those CATS IN BREECHES.  
 " Accept this truth from me, my lads—the man  
 " Who first a SPIT found out, or FRYING-PAN,  
 " Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,  
 " Than all the tawdry TITLES since the flood :  
 " TITLES ! that KINGS may grant to ASSES, MULES,  
 " The scorn of SAGES, and the boast of FOOLS."  
 He ended—All the COOKS exclaim'd, " divine !"  
 Then whisper'd one another, 'twas " damn'd fine !"  
 Thus spoke the SCOWRER, like a MAN inspir'd,  
 Whose speech, the HEROES of the kitchen, fir'd ;  
 GROOMS, MASTER SCOWRERS, SCULLIONS, SCULLION'S MATES,  
 With all the OVERSEERS of knives and plates,

K Felt

Felt their brave souls, like FRISKY CYDER, work,  
 Whizzing in opposition to the CORK :  
 Earth's POTENTATES appear'd *ignoble things*,  
 And COOKS of greater consequence than KINGS;  
*Such* is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,  
 And *such*, the rage that injur'd WORTH excites !  
 The SCOWRER's speech, indeed, with reason, blest,  
 Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the rest :  
 Thus if a BARN, Heav'n's vengeful lightning, draw,  
 The flame ætherial, ~~strikes the kindling~~ *darts amongst the* straw;  
 Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,  
 And (if unfortunately mousing) cats,  
 All feel the ~~wide~~ *fierce* devouring fire in turn,  
 And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

“ SONS of the SPIT,” (the Major cry'd again)

“ Your noble speeches, prove you blest with BRAIN,

“ BRAIN ! that DAME NATURE gives not *ev'ry* head,

“ But fills the vast vacuity with lead !——

“ Yet



" Yet ere for OPPOSITION we prepare,  
 " And fight the GLORIOUS CAUSE of HEADS of HAIR,  
 " Methinks, 'twould be but decent to petition,  
 " And tell the K—g, with firmness, our CONDITION:  
 " Soon as our *sad* complaint, he hears us utter,  
 " His gracious heart may melt away like butter;  
 " Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,  
 " And anger'd M——y forget the LOUSE."

END OF CANTO I

Advertisement

As many people persist in their incredulity with  
 respect to the attacks made by the Barber on the head  
 of the harmless, foolish, I shall exhibit a list of the unhappy  
 sufferers; it is the Palace list, & therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true list of the Shaved at Bachelor-Lam House

Two Master Cooks	Six Turnbroches
Three yeomen — 00	Two soil carriers
Four groomes	Two door keepers
Three Children	Eight Boys
Two master scowlers	Six Party people
Six under scowlers	Eight silver sealers for laughing at the Cooks
	Fifty one

in all  
 A young man named John Bear would not submit to lose his place

## ERRATA.

Page 1, line 7.

*For*—Whose little legs he taught, with anxious care,

To rove the wide dominion of the HAIR,

*Read*—Whose little feet he taught, with care, to tread

Amidst the wide dominions of the HEAD.

Page 26, line 7.

*For*—Or, &c.—*Read*—Acts, &c.



